

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS



the regrets of yesterday
and the fears of tomorrow
are twin thieves that rob us
of the moment...

biodegradable material

2



stop me if you think you've heard
this one before...

Hello there...punks, hardcore people, skinheads oi, mohawks, metalheads, surfers, skateboarders, posers, wankers and whoever you are. Selamat membaca isu kedua 'Biodegradable Material'. Sebenarnya aku bukanlah berani sangat nak buat isu kedua ni sebab nak menghasilkan satu fanzine yang "informative" dan mudah difahami bukanlah satu tugas yang mudah dan once satu-satu fanzine itu dihasilkan, penulisannya menanggung satu tanggungjawab yang besar dan berat kerana hasil penulisannya itu boleh mempengaruhi cara pemikiran pembaca. Kalau penerimaan pembaca positif, baguslah tapi macanana kalau berlaku salah faham dan boleh membawa kesan-kesan negatif? Tu yang aku takut tu. Kalau setakat tampal interview, gambar dan artikel-artikel majalah lain, aku rasa ramai yang boleh buat fanzine(memang ramai pun!) Pada pendapat aku fanzine ni mestilah dipenuhi dengan pandangan dan pendapat penulisnya tentang apa yang berlaku dalam sebuah scene itu. Fanzine ni tidak semestinya berkisar tentang muzik sahaja. Ia juga meliputi banyak bidang-bidang lain seperti politik, eperpen pendek, sajak, lukisan dan lain-lain bentuk seni selain daripada menjadi sumber komunikasi antara satu sama lain. Anyway aku cuba juga buat fanzine ni sebaik mungkin dan mudah difahami. Untuk mencepatkan proses pembikinan, aku tulis dalam BM. Selain daripada tu harapan aku ialah lebih senang difahami terutama kepada mereka yang baru nak menceburkan diri dalam dunia budaya scripahan ini. Untuk isu kali ini aku 'dedicated'kan untuk scene Kuantan memandangkan perkenangannya begitu memberangsangkan sekali. Perlu diingatkan, aku ni bukanlah terror sangat dan mungkin ada juga pendapat-pendapat aku yang tidak disetujui atau dikhuatiri menyinggung perasaan sesetengah individu. Ampun dan maaf aku pohon. Aku ni hanyalah manusia biasa yang tidak boleh lari dari kesilapan. Aku buat fanzine ni juga adalah untuk 'menceriakan' lagi scene Kuantan...bandar palma! Sesebuah scene underground yang baik biasanya mempunyai bands, club untuk gigs, label dan juga FANZINE. Benda-benda ni semua takkan jadi dengan sendiri kalau kita sendiri tidak berusaha untuk menibikinya! yes! you!!! Tak payahlah kita tunggu orang lain buat dan lepas tangan aje. Itulah punk ethics yang sebenarnya. DIY principle, do-it-yourself!!! Darpada motto inilah terbinanya punk/hardcore. Bukannya senang nak jadi punk/hardcore ni tapi kalau nak nampak macam punk/hardcore memang senang! Itu bukan punk/hardcore yang sebenarnya. Itu semua hanyalah mangsa-mangsa peredaran fesyen yang masih terkapai-kapai dan hanyut dalam meneari identiti dan personaliti diri. Lupakan mereka! Kalau nak cerita dan kutuk dia orang ni sampai bila pun tak habis. Kita ada banyak lagi kerja yang perlu dibuat. Setiap orang didalam scene terlibat. Yes, everyone! Di dalam punk/hardcore tidak ada witnesses dan observers. Setiap orang mesti ada buat sesuatu atau contribute sesuatu(walaupun hanya moral support, it's still a contribution!). Tidak ada 'boundary' antara entertainer dan audience. Peminat pun sepatutnya tidak wujud dalam punk/hardcore scene. Terlalu banyak benda yang boleh dibuat daripada kita dok lepak minum rootbeer dan main snooker kat Komplek Teruntum. Form a band, buat gig, buat fanzine atau tulis untuk sesuatu fanzine, buat artwork, lirik, sajak, lukis baju sendiri, buat flyers, newsletter atau tolong member dalam membuat benda-benda tersebut. Tak kiralah buat apa pun asalkan ada buat sesuatu sebab setiap individu dalam scene adalah nadi kepada scene tersebut. Bukankah ini satu peluang baik untuk kita meluaskan kebebasan kreativiti kita tanpa disekat oleh golongan-golongan yang berasa mereka sudah cukup bagus untuk menentukan kehidupan kita? Peluang untuk melibatkan diri dan menggunakan kemampuan diri sendiri tanpa perlu mengisi borang, membayar yuran dan memakai uniform!!! Lambat atau cepat itu belakang lair. Jadi atau tak jadi itu bukan kita punya kuasa. The most important thing for a 1000 miles journey is the first step! So, tak payahlah kita tunggu dan harap orang lain memulakannya. Make it yours to happen! Itulah punk/hardcore. Punk/hardcore is not just music! Muzik hanyalah sebahagian kecil dari punk. Terlalu banyak channels dalam punk/hardcore. Mat-mat punk/hardcore tidak pernah merasa cukup dengan apa yang ada dalam diri mereka. Mereka sentiasa mencari sumber-sumber baru dan segar bagi mencapai kemajuan diri. Tidak ada batasan umur! Mereka tidak pernah puas dengan apa yang mereka ada! Mereka

bail to the crib...

we've developed
this tolerance
towards empty
spaces...



...insomnia notes

Night flaps its wings again. The sun has gone for another shift on the other side of the earth, leaving the clouds looked rather reddish. Neon lights started to blink, advertising something that I'm not interested in. People are rushing home from work, as usual most of them are not smiling, only pulling hard faces. There goes another day, here comes another night. I am standing on the solid ground, breathing...still alive to enjoy tonight's calmness. I love nights, midnight...dawn. I am more efficient then. I have been living this nocturnal life for years. Night is the time to celebrate life, to enjoy my existence, to feel everything inside. To go deep into my inner self and dig all the pleasures and pains. To look back in time at what I've done when memories are more vivid and nostalgic. There I am, only me and my memories...me and the night. On a piece of paper, I try to scratch anything that come to my mind without any definite clue while Operation Ivy songs are playing on the CD player. Trying to rearrange all the raw ideas and the creativities that are wildly flowing and creeping in my head, provoked by the spiral emotions on this paper. Most of the time, it doesn't have a proper ending. It doesn't matter, just another form of free expression. I enjoyed it! While relaxing at night, I feel more secure and romantic(and horny too!). Sometimes I feel like a baby...I need to be pampered along with the sweet lullaby. Free from daytime chaotic disturbances and distractions...phone calls, salesman, meal times, TV slits, honking ears, kitchen smells, postman, shower, etc. I don't get this shit at night. Most people sleep at night. Mum and dad sleep too. Shops are closed. All peace and quiet. If I have to spend the night with friends, we usually talk about serious slits...and eventually ended up talking about girls and love life. Dawn is the moment of truth where lotsa confessions can be heard. All the stuff that you will never hear during the daytime. The mood is there, the feeling of talking and sharing, it seems like magic. We wish for a longer night. Just can't wait for the next sunset, to do all the things you won't do in the daytime and to see something that you can't see...It is a pleasurable scusation to witness the moon, dark sky dotted with twinkling stars. There's romance to it along with a cup of nescafe and a pack of cigarettes and your favorite punk tape. No worries...simple pleasures, plain and easy!!!

Inspired by the piece in CHARRED REMAINS #5.

integrity deficiency

We hereby admit that we are lame we sux coz we don't have fancy/pro layout we are typo ugly we are not worthy...we reckon content-wise we are more than okay we try very hard to show our true colors no holds barred criticism and continue the struggle waving the PuNk flag adhering(as much as we can) to the ethics based on rationale and common sense that is fast disappearing into the abyss of ignorance.....
NO APOLOGY!

Wanna share something?...don't hesitate to knock on our door,

BIODEGRADABLE MATERIAL
No:24-A, Jalan Ang Seng 4,
50470 Brickfields
Kuala Lumpur

bailing out with grace

di sini kak rum ingin merayu kepada rakan-rakan underground semua terutama mereka yang main band supaya berhenti buat benda-benda yang boleh merosakkan scene underground kita yang dicintai ini. sampai bila kita dok nak main lagu cover aja? tolonglah buat lagu-lagu sendiri. tak sedap tak apa tapi kita patut berbangga dengan hasil kerja tangan kita sendiri. sikit lebih kurang macam melukis la, kalau kita lukis sendiri kan lebih baik dari tiru bulat-bulat karya orang dan siarkan untuk pameran. kita main tak bunyi macam BOLD pun tak apa la no janji lagu original. marilah kita sama-sama buat identiti sendiri dari dok copy dan xerox sepenuhnya new york hard core tu...sampai bila kita dok main lagu NIRVANA? sampai bila la kita dok main EXPLOITED atau lagu YOUTH OF TODAY tu? tulunglah kawan-kawan/adik-adik, gunakan kreativiti dan kepandaian yang dikurniakan oleh Tuhan tu...bukan tak terer main gitar sekor-sekor. kalau kak rum boleh nyanyi lagu dangdut sendiri, takan adik-adik yang berjiwa punk, hardcore dan alternatif ni tak boleh kot...? kalau setakat influence tu tak pa la, ini main sebijik-sebijik, chord by chord! marilah kita buat sesuatu yang original yang kelak boleh membanggakan kita semua dengan orang-orang dari luar negeri. nanti kita boleh buktikan kepada orang-orang seperti jan honza bahawa scene kita juga mampu menghasilkan sesuatu yang original dan best. tak nak tunjuk kat dunia luar pun tak apa tapi kalau kita main lagu sendiri kalau dan buat persembahan yang penuh dengan unsur-unsur originality dan tersendiri, kak rum gerenti adik-adik akan merasa kepuasan diri yang amat sangat sebagaimana kak rum rasa bila kak rum nyanyi lagu-lagu kak rum tu. rakan-rakan peminat yang datang pun akan rasa bangga dengan band band tempatan yang tulin. kita akan jadi alternatif scene yang sebenarnya. kadang-kadang kak rum rasa band-band rock tempatan tu buat benda-benda yang lagi best dari kita buat sebab depa main lagu sendiri walau pun depa dari mainstream dan depa main rock semak! marilah kita sama-sama mengubah keadaan yang agak parah ini sebelum ianya menjadi semakin tenat dan tak dapat diubah lagi. sebelum kak rum mengundur diri, kak rum ingin memohon ampun dan maaf sekiranya ada kata-kata kak rum menyinggung perasaan adik-adik tapi kak rum tulih ni semua adalah semata mata untuk kebaikan kita bersama sebab kak rum terlalu sayang pada underground scene kita dan tak mau sesuatu yang buruk berlaku pada scene kita ni. sekian.

necessary evil

BUNYI GITAR BERKARAT J.MASCIS (PRONOUNCED MASKIS) DARI ALBUM where you been, ONE OF MY ALL-TIME FAVOURITE ALBUM, WALAUPUN ON MAJOR LABEL, MENGGEJAR KESUNYIAN PAGI...J.MASCIS ADALAH DINOSAUR Jr. DAN DINOSAUR Jr. ADALAH J.MASCIS. BELIAU ADA JUGA BUAT CAMEO APPEARANCE DALAM FILEM gas, food & lodging. DULU DINOSAUR Jr. DIKENALI SEBAGAI DINOSAUR SAHAJA. LOW BARLOW, ORANG UTAMA KUMPULAN SEBADOH (MAKNANYA SABTU DALAM BAHASA SEPANYOL) MAIN BASS DENGAN DINOSAUR Jr. SUATU HARI J MENELEFON LOU MENKHABARKAN DINOSAUR Jr. IS OVER...MAKA SEDIH AMATLAH LOU LALU MENANGIS...KEGANASAN INDIE-GUITAR-SWING J.MASCIS BOLEH DILIHAT DALAM VIDEO the year that the punk broke 1991. ITULAH SERBA SEDIKIT PASAL J YANG SOFT SPOKEN TU...JANGAN SALAH ANGGAP, GUA TULIS NI BUKAN NAK IDOLISE DIA BUT JUST TO BE INFORMATIVE...

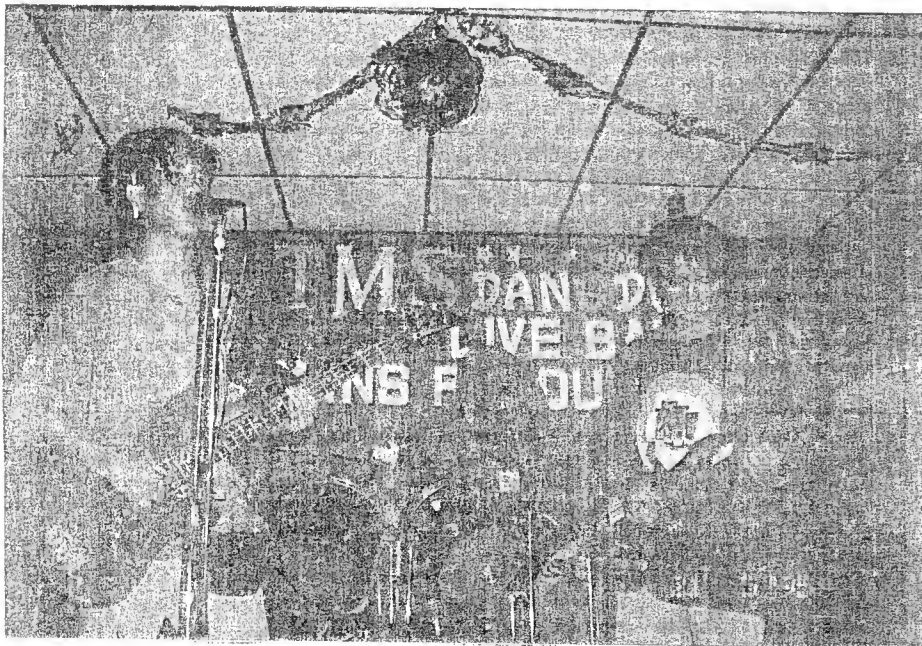
sentiasa aktif! Check out Ian MacKaye, Jello Biafra dan Henry Rollins!!! Tiga mat punk Amerika yang sangat disegani. Henry Rollins, ex-Black Flag dan sekarang dengan bandnya Rollins Band, bukan sahaja terlibat dan sibuk dengan muziknya, malah dia juga adalah seorang penulis buku yang tak kurang sibuknya. Boleh imagine? Buat lagu, tulis lirik, tulis buku, jamming, tour, gig untuk spoken words, dll...disamping memiliki sebuah label yang dok release punk-punk klasik!!! Bukan setakat buat aje, benda-benda yang dia buat best pulak tu. That's punk, man. Brilliant! Yang menyedihkan aka ramai budak-budak baru ni yang nak jadi macam Sid Vicious. Ganas tak bertempat! Ludah sana ludah sini! Tunjuk 'fuck' kat orang sambil mengherotkan mulut. If that's punk to you, thank you good night! Kadang-kadang kesal jugak tengok budak-budak baru ni...Atas dasar itu jugalah aku tulis fanzine ni dengan harapan mereka boleh berfikir dan memilih jalan yang lebih positif. Sebenarnya Sid Vicious ni bukannya apa sangat. Banyak benda yang dia buat hanyalah sebagai shock values seperti lambang swastika yang dipakainya. Dia hanyalah seorang pemuda biasa yang naive dan merupakan seorang nihilist dimana dia merasakan dunia ini tidak menawarkan apa-apa baginya. So dia tak ambil berat sangat pasal hidup ini. Live fast, die young...have a beautiful corpse! Yang lebih menyedihkan, dia telah dieksplot oleh Malcolm McLaren. That's it. Banyak lagi benda-benda lain yang lebih baik, positif dan membina dalam punk/hardcore, kenapa mesti kita pilih cabang-cabang yang nyata tak membawakan kebaikan langsung kepada kita? It's not what you do...it's the way you do! Underground scene ni juga adalah seperti satu circle of friends dimana kita create dan share something bersama-sama. Suatu tempat dimana kita cuba melarikan diri kita dari norma-norma kehidupan mainstream yang begitu mencengkam dan memborongkan. Tempat bagi kita membawa diri dari kekalutan dunia plastik yang penuh dengan nilai-nilai materialistik dan penipuan. Kenapa tidak kita jadikan tempat ni lebih menarik dan lazat dari dunia luar? Kenapa kita harus membiarkan elemen-elemen palat dunia luar mencemarkan environment kita? Kalau kita tak buat-apa tetapi masih mahu menumpang tempat, kita terpaksa menerima apa aja yang diberikan atau dilakukan oleh orang lain dalam scene, so jangan dok complen...Apa bezanya kita dengan dunia luar? Mari kita buktikan yang kita mampu membina satu keluarga yang harmoni dan bahagia dimana kejujuran dan sikap tidak mementingkan diri menjadi asas dan tulang belakang perjuangan kita. Mari kita buktikan di dalam keluarga kita tidak ada penyakit-penyakit yang kita dok hadapi di dunia luar! Mat-mat dan Minah-minah punk memegang kuat akan nilai-nilai kejujuran dan semangat setiakawan. Preserve our human values! Kalau setakat duduk dalam circle lepas tu dok cerita pasal baju-baju Billabong terbaru kat Red Tuna...Thank You Good Night, you are no difference than those Sid Vicious wannabes...Can you please tell us how to change the world using fashion?

Tidak aku nafikan assholes ada dimana-mana. Perlu diingatkan, scene ni bukanlah sesuai untuk semua orang so aku pun tak tau apa yang perlu dibuat dengan assholes ni sebab most of the time dia dok lepak sekali. Buat tak tau ajelah! Blarlah dia dengan dunia dia orang. Hopefully dia orang tak sakitkan hati kita, kita tak sakitkan hati dia orang. Kalau dia orang pernah sakitkan hati kita, kita maafkan saja...Inilah benda yang aku torture sikit. Kita cuba lari dari assholes dunia luar tapi bila duduk underground scene, ada jugak assholes yang perangnya serupa, tak ada bezanya dari mat-mat/minah-minah square yang dia orang dok kutuk. Aku harap lepas ni dia orang bolehlah berfikir jauh sedikit, using their precious common sense(if they have any...). Hormat sikit orang lain! Bc a real punk not a real pogo dancer!!!

Begitulah kira-kiranya sikit lebih kurang. Sorrylah sebab aku ni bukan berilmu sangat. Perasaan je lebih. Anyway, aku harap lepas ni banyak lagi band, fanzine dan contributors akan memunculkan diri. Kalau takut buat sorang, buat ramai-ramai. Make up our living. Good life is not just about having a good job or a voluptuous wife! It's a lot more than that...Maaf kalau kata-kata aku ada menyinggung sapa-sapa. Sorry! Aku tak tau samada isu 3 akan keluar atau tidak. Bergantung kepada keadaan. Kalau berasa nak buat band tu sudah-sudahlah main lagu orang especially lagu-lagu Green Day. Try buat lagu sendiri! Sedap tak sedap belakang kira, yang penting original. God loves us all. Take care, UNITE! I love Kuantan! Wassalam.


LOVE-PEACE-COOPERATION AND ANTI ASSHOLES!

pour your heart out



Welcome to Kuantan, the 'palm town' by the sea actually but to phrase it in a corny way as the subject matter is the local underground punk music. Well, let me bore you to death...Dull Entertainment Programme or DEP for short has gone 4-piece with the addition of **Panther**, the band's sensational dancer, on bass. The former bassist, Tojeng, is now handling second guitar. The formation of DEP was inspired by **STONE CROWES** after witnessing the **CROWES'** spectacular performance at 'Away From The Numbers' gig at Piccadilly sometime in 1994. I was told that during **STONE CROWES'** soundcheck at the aforementioned gig, everybody clapped after The Crowes finished a song and were asked to play another full song! Acai(DEP's vox/guitarist) played bass for **MINORITY** and also filled in on bass for **THE PILGRIMS** at that gig. Anybody remember? Speaking of **MINORITY**, they are kind of dormant at the moment with vox Puyu currently working and studying in KL and drummer Naen have to give his full attention to his shooting activities representing Pahang at the **SUKMA Games**. Congratulations to Naen for winning a gold medal! Should make the scene proud. Frankly speaking, if Naen could commit himself to **MINORITY** like he did to his shooting career, **MINORITY** would be one hell of a band in the underground scene and will be the pride of Kuantan! Something like the 'second' **PILGRIMS**...I still hold the memories of jam sessions and gigs of **MINORITY** dear to my heart. I love this band! Their classic(one and only) demo **quantity doesn't matter** is still available from Pit(guitarist). Write to Pit, Lot 31 Lorong Kedidi 1 Kg Bukit Sekilau 25200 Kuantan Pahang Malaysia. Talked to Pit while in Kuantan a few weeks ago...said he'll try to revive **MINORITY** but can't promise anything. Good show, mate! We want **MINORITY** back in action! Other

I AM A PUNK PART II

Hi! My name is 'SUCKER' and I want to be a punk! I don't know what punk really means but some of them(I mean the other punks!) said that it's cool to be one. Yeah! I have been wanting to be cool for a long time, that's why I want to be a punk. Hmm...what should you do to be a punk? Ahh...it's so fuckin' easy...I just have to be and act like one. What does a punk wear? How does a punk walk? How does a punk spit? I have to know that...Only then can I proclaim myself as a punk! First of all you have to wear punk accessories so that people will know that you're a punk. I love to wear my 'Alley Dave Son' leather jacket that cost me around 300 bucks. I have to buy that 'Guest' jeans so that those corporate/mainstream people will know that punks also have the ability to buy all these branded clothing. Oh no!...the jeans look so clean...Ahh! Nevermind...a pair of scissors will do all the tearing works. Yeah! Hair spray...I got lots of them with lots of colours. This will make my mohawk look different for every single day. Monday-red, Tuesday-green, Wednesday-blue, Thursday-orange, Friday-purple and so on...so on...it really gives me a 'cool' look. Expensive? Wasted? Nah!!...It's not my fuckin' money...it's my parents'...why don't I have my own money? Hey! C'mon man!...punks don't work...being a punk means you're jobless! Our only work is listening to our favourite 77 punk bands, hanging out at the shopping malls, show our 'chaos' at gigs, do some vandalism, give some hard times to all those people who came to our gigs. Shit, man! They are not punks! Just look at what they wear. No boots! No leathers! No nothing! Not even an  embroidery or the Union Jack! They look so stupid! But one thing I noticed , there's something written on their shirts...F...U...G...A...Z or S...and there's another letter. I guess it is because of the dim light that I couldn't read it clearly. But who cares! If it's a band t-shirt, I don't believe it is a punk band. I never heard of that word before...The only t-shirts that can convince me they are punk bands are 'SEX GUNS', 'THE CLASS', 'THE RAMONAS', 'SAM 96' and some oi bands such as 'WRENCH', 'COCK SPARROW' and 'DEVELIC UPSTARTS'. And one thing that make me laugh is the words are written using marker pen. It's a pity to see those guys wearing t-shirts with their own handwriting. I just can't believe that they don't know where to buy punk t-shirts. Lots of shopping malls sell these punk t-shirts. You just have to go there and buy them. 60 bucks is not that much. It's far better to wear a well-printed t-shirt than to wear the one with your ugly handwriting...Eerrkk!! But anyway...I heard some not-so-punk people said that it is the true "DIY" thing . Make your own t-shirt or make your own stuff. Shit man! Curse to the people who said that! That is just a lame excuse because they just can't afford to buy all these stuff, their parents won't give them money so they give this kind of statement. Pity! If they want to know a truly "DIY" person, it is me! ME! I've mentioned to you before...I bought a pair of "expensive" jeans and made some holes by cutting them with a pair of scissors. This is what we call creative and true DIY spirit! Punks wear tom jeans and that's what it's all about! Fanzines? I don't read them...This is because most of them are written by those not-so-punk people. Fanzines like A/D'S, LUNGCORE, SAPROFIT and others tell you all the untrue stories about us. They talked bad things to the real punk like me. Some of my punk friends told me that these guys also insert stories about bands that are not punk at all such as 'GOOD RELIGION'. I dunno what worse things are gonna happen to our punk scene...they need to listen to somebody like me because I am a true punk! ASK

27

Yours,

we are the holo-men

we are the over-stuffed men

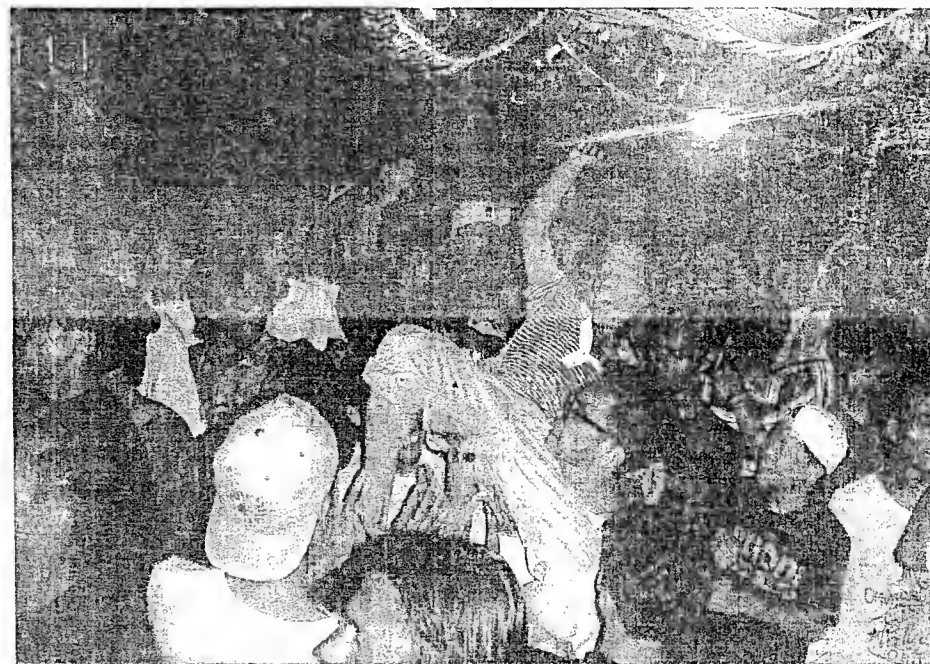
working together

to fill our accounts

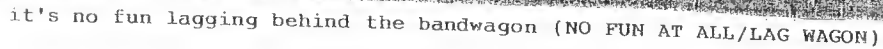
p/s: apology: an infantile scene illustrates one of its growing pains...

p/s: apology: an infantile scene illustrates one of its growing pains...

P/S: I was going to write a scene report for the Bentong area but due to my weakness and laziness, I can't source out the info. Bentong's bands have a long history of blue collars workers, that is as close as you can get to the true spirit of punk. Beside BELACAK, there are UNDERWEAR, TOPSY TURVY and THE STINGER. Also a distro called SLAM & POGO DISTRO, fanzine by Ben, also in a band that play something like SONIC YOUTH. That's all I know...for more info on the Bentong scene contact BELACAK, 1182 Jalan Mohd Nor Zabidin Kg Baru 28700 Bentong or THE STINGER,c/o Abdul Karim 32 RMM Kg Baru 28700 Bentong Pahang Malaysia.



it's the action, not the fruit of the action, that's important
you have to do the right thing it might not be in your time,
that there'll be any fruit but that doesn't mean you stop
doing the right thing you may never know what results come
from your action but if you do nothing, there will be no result
gandhi



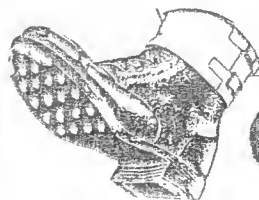
NO FUN AT ALL 'out of bounds' BURNING HEART RECORDS
LAG WAGON 'trashed' FAT WRECK CHORDS
P/s: do you know that Fat Mike's license plate is 'PUNKGUY'?



WELCOME TO THE LAND OF COVERS...



do you know what time it is?



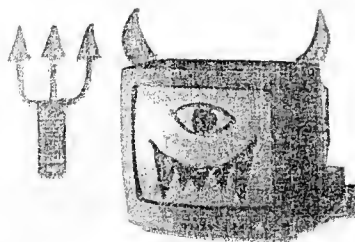
4ARRGH

cerpen pencek tak pencek

Man dan Boy berketan sejak dari Tingkatan Satu lagi. Perkenalan mereka berumda dari asrama sekolah tempat mereka menimba ilmu. Man duduk katil atas dan Boy duduk katil bawah. Hubungan mereka memang akrab, macam tal dengan tal. Pendek kata di mana ada Boy di situ ada Man dan di mana ada Man di situ ada Boy. Man ni budak pinggir bandar. Nanti dalam surat bernama Norman. Anak ketiga antara 4 orang adik beradik. Man ni seorang yang tak suka ambil tahu hal orang lain, tak berapa pandai bercampur dengan orang dan agak pendiam. Ayahnya seorang kerani di sebuah pejabat kerajaan dan ibunya pula mengajar budak-budak mengaji kitab. Man ni baik budaknya, seorang yang lurus dan dipercayai oleh ibubapanya. Dari kecil lagi, Man tidak pernah menubuhkan masalah kepada orang tuanya. Setelah berjaya merembat 5A dalam peperiksaan darjah lima, Man ditawarkan belajar di sebuah sekolah berasrama penuh di bandar tempat tinggalnya. Sedih juga orang tua Man melepaskan Man sebab tiada lagi orang yang boleh diharapkan pergi ke kedai membeli ubat nyamuk. Nak harapkan adik-nyanya, buntut pun dok melekat pampers lagi! Orang tua Man tidaklah risau sangat dengan pemergian Man sebab mereka tau budak Man ni pandai bawa diri. Lagipun sekolah tempat Man belajar ni tidaklah jauh sangat, kentut pun boleh dengar!

Nama Boy dalam surat berauk ialah Nor Izwan Shah. Mak dia panggil dia Boy. Anak sulung dari 3 orang adik beradik. Tinggal di sebuah kawasan perumahan mewah di ibuota. Ayahnya seorang peguam manakala ibunya pula seorang gurubesar. Boy ni manja sikit budaknya tapi aktif. Boy dibesarkan dalam suasana yang mewah. Malumlah orang berada. Kurang berketan selain daripada kawan-kawannya di sekolah. Mungkin disebabkan kurang masa untuk Boy bergaul dengan budak-budak sehidup rumahnya. Selepas sekolah Boy pergi tuition. Kalau tak de tuition, Boy pergi kelas piano. Kawan baik Boy kat rumah ialah tukang kebunnya, Wak Parjo, merangkap supir, dan Tompok, kucing slam yang hanya tau makan Friskies dan tidur/berak mana saja. Boy tak pernah ambil pusing kat mana Tompok berak sebab Wak Parjo ada dan sentiasa bersedia mencucinya. Dalam peperiksaan darjah lima yang lepas, Boy score 4A 1B. Bagi memastikan Boy mendapat pelajaran yang baik, maka berusalahlah ayahnya mendapatkan tempat untuk anaknya di sekolah asrama penuh. Ayah Boy menggunakan pengaruh dan contact yang ada terutama dalam Jabatan Pelajaran. Tak de la susah sangat. Tepuk bahu sikit, kenit mata sekali dua...bingo! Bermula kehidupan Boy di asrama. Pada awalnya, Boy nak bawa Tompok sikit. Pusing malunya pulok, barulah Boy menabalkan hasratnya yang tak berapa rasional tu. Wak Parjo hanya tersenyum sipu menyaksikan scenario itu sambil meneruskan kerjanya menyiram pokok bunga.

Dari itulah bermula pertemuan Man dengan Boy. Pertemuan yang tidak mereka rancangkan. Kencan pertemuan antara dua golongan yang dibesarkan dalam suasana yang berbeza. Pertemuan yang menjadi titik permulaan bagi menempuh alam remaja dalam dunia asrama...satu dunia kecil yang mengejar penghuninya berdiri atas lauk sendiri di bawah cengkaman ratusan undang-undang manusia yang berbau diktator. Satu dunia kecil yang juga mengejar penghuninya memberontak...Apa akan terjadi kepada Man dan Boy? Adakah kehidupan asrama akan mengubah kehidupan mereka? Adakah Man dan Boy dapat mempelajari dari satu sama lain dari kehidupan mereka yang berbeza? Kita tunggu sambungan cerita Man dan Boy di keluaran akan datang...He, He, He...



how blind (or stupid even) can LOIS LANE be when she can't recognise the similarity between SUPERMAN and CLARK KENT when the differing factor is only a pair of reading glasses....LUK HAAS is right, TV is evil...

we hate it



when our friends



biggest sell-outs!

Mike Gitter, XXX fanzine, Boston now, ATLANTIC A&R man.
Lyle Preslar, MINOR THREAT now, major damage, V.P. Caroline

Locals? ... banyak ooo...

IN DEFENSE OF RANCID

People in the punk scene especially the Maxi-cores, (Maximum Rock and Roll's fanatic readers) are pointing fingers, accusing Rancid of selling out. To me they are still the same working-class punks who managed to make it big and I reckon that it shows that they're damn good.

What's so sinful about selling huge amount of records? They didn't sign to any major labels, declining luscious advances from Madonna's Maverick label, staying on with Epitaph (unless you consider Epitaph a major).

Back to Rancid, if my hearing is still good, I think they still sound the same with *Out Come the Wolves* as with the previous two albums, *Let's Go* and *Rancid*. They even sound like Operation Ivy, Tim Armstrong and Matt Freeman's previous band. Compared to Jawbreaker and Face To Face, major labels' recent conquests, Rancid's songs still got the punk soul! For more information, please read the Rancid story in SPIN issue early 1996...read how they struggled and suffered in their early days and their progression towards punk 'stardom' without compromising their original sound and ethics.

When they sold a few albums too many, they are instantly accused of selling out. This might be another case of jaded punks feeling that their 'elite' territory is being invaded by the people from the mainstream. Pegi mampus lah dengan persoalan siapa suka siapa. Depa punya pasal-lah nak dengar apa yang dia orang suka. Everybody got their right to buy or hear whatever they want as long as they don't bother others. Freedom of choice, man. I reckon Morrissey is right when he wrote *We Hate It When Our Friends Become Successful*. Don't always believe what you read. Think rationally. Don't believe what I wrote even!

IS PUNK A NEGATIVE-THOUGHT FACTORY

REAL PUNK CASUALTIES:

Jawbreaker
Face To Face
Beggars I.T.A.
Bad Religion
7 Seconds
Green Day

About punk ethics...kill the idolising bullshit thing! Stick it up to them when they sold out!

become



successful...

diary of a loner part ii

LOVE IS DEAD
14th Feb 1996.

I turned 30 a few days ago. THIRTY! The big three Oh I just joined Kelab Tiga Kupang, remarked one of my friends (Fuck you, Ed!) At this stage, my life is pretty much fucked-up especially in the LOVE department. Nil relationships! My social life is pretty much down the drain too but who am I to bitch? I tried and tried again and again and yet failed miserably in the eternal quest for true love...maybe for me love is dead.

Damn...time flies so fucking fast. The question of love emerges again especially during this time of the year, Valentine's Day, day for lovers...woo (what a fucking cliché). Maybe it is because I am too choosy or I am a loser in the truest sense but we all want something beautiful and we need someone our own size, someone that fits us well. After all we are just humans succumbing to our earthly desires...

Your life is described vividly by The Smiths and Morrissey's songs. *Girlfriend In A Coma*, *Half A Person*, *Will Never Marry*, *Last Night I Dreamed Somebody Love Me* and *Please, Please, Please Let Me Get What I Want* suddenly became so motherfucking real. Your mind is bordering between morality and decadence. You thought of committing your life to debauchery and total hedonism to put an end to all the problems concerning your weak heart. But something else holds you back, your conscience and sense of morality. Is it religion? Too much thinking kills your hard-ons...it is said that everyone is destined for somebody, there got to be somebody for you...but what if your destined one is already dead and you can only find her in the next life? Is there still hope...

LOVEISDEADLOVEISDEADLOVEISDEADLOVE!

How does it feel to sacrifice yourself on the doomed altar of love crucify your soul onto the false cross of hope drive a stake through your heart of gold lubricate your body with the shits of sorrow drowned in her post-coital vaginal discharge the pain of suffering seeps through your nostrils up to your fried-up brain...hey pathetic weakling negative creep hopeless aquarius awkward clumsy and shy chastise your libido celibacy is your solution...

Open heart surgery frontal lobotomy on frail mind self-laceration on weakened soul severed nerves pain oblivion obsolete numb... death seems like a friendly gesture Kurt waving at the gates his nasal tunes haunting playing in your head from the grave suicide no solution we are not ours to decide our own deadly fate... over and over again committing mental suicides in your mind...hey heartbreakers of this vain kingdom come urinate on my weakness under the coldness of the bathroom shower disguised by the sound of running water I vented my frustrations playing the beat of the hairy palm rhythm deep inside my sadness a hollow feeling love is dead...finding your true love in the next life...

W. WANDERER

ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS ARE OTHER PEOPLE'S
GIRLFRIENDS AND THE WORLD IS NOT FOR
GOOD PEOPLE

bleed out your misery



life is something that happens
while we're busy making other plans...

john lennon

back to conformity dedicated to the people who:
already sold out/are going
to sell out/thinking of selling out/subconsciously
selling out

i am your wrathchild
i am your prodigal son
for where lie destiny
it is me who fail to see
i was wrong to rebel
punk i thought is forever
temporary relief
escapism
youth gone wild
back to normal
parents teachers school
i have no right to break the rules
follow the values
i want to be normal
conformity normality reality
O father O brother O system
you were right after all
take me back in
fix my life
heal my soul
all is forgiven
just give in...
i am shame
i am sinned
i am in the scene
all i need is a life
all i want is a wife
all i creed is a job
all i greed is some cash
all i wish is a house
all i craze is a car



background artwork taken from "save
our souls" artzine by Fathul...

000... Canada !!!

KAT CANADA SEKARANG TERDAPAT BANDS YANG NYANYI PASAL ICE HOCKEY, DILABELKAN SEBAGAI 'PUCK ROCK'. SEBUT PASAL CANADUH NI, TERINGAT BAND-BAND YANG MENAWAN KALBU SEPERTI FORGOTTEN REBELS, ALBUM 'in love with the system' BEGITU MENAMBAT HATI DENGAN LAGU-LAGU CATCHY SEPERTI i left my heart in iran DAN let's sink the boat and feed the fish YANG MUNGKIN DISALAH ANGGAH DAN DIKATAKAN RACIST, SEBENARNYA TIDAK, AKU ADA TANYA SATU TRAVELLER CANUCK, DIA KATA F.R. ARE A BUNCH OF FUN-LOVING DRUNKS MACAM sid vicious PAKAI SWASTIKA PUNYA KES LA CUMA MAT-MAT BANGANG YANG IKUT TAK KELULU TU YANG TAK FAHAM ERTINYA SARCASM...BAND DARI THE GREAT WHITE NORTH LAIN SEPERTI DAY-GLO ABORTION DAN NOMEANSNO TAK KURANG GANJIL DAN ANEHNYA, TAPI BEST, NOMEANSNO TOUR CANADA DAN MASA ON THE WAY BACK THEY TOUR AS HANSON BROTHERS, SIDE PROJEK DEPA...THE LATEST DARI SANA IALAH PROPAGANDHI, ALBUM 'how to clean everything' AKU RASA KELUARAN TERBAIK DARI FAT WRECK CHORDS, LABEL KEPUNYAAN FAT MIKE DARI NOFX. PADA AKU BANDS DARI CANADA NI INFLUENCE AMERICA TAPI ADA IDENTITI HOSERNYA, AKU QUOTE SORANG MEMBER AKU, DIA KATA EVEN MUZIK MACAM BRYAN ADAMS (ALSO CANADIEN) PUN BEST JUGA...O CANADUH, WHAT'S THIS THING MAGIC ABOUT YOU...MUST BE THE WEATHER.

My Rationale Of Straight Edge

from my point of view, straight edge is a matter of personal choice. to me, it is more about taking control of your (own) life without enforcing it onto somebody else's life. it is sort of a personal preference for individuals to gain self-control. it is a normal human behaviour to let the close ones around you know about something 'good' you stumbled upon. while in the process of delivering the good news, we might violate their rights and freedom (subconsciously). damage done in good intention...to me a person is entitled to do whatever he/she wants as long as it does not hurt other people. freedom of choice. if we value our freedom then we must respect other people's freedom too. to me freedom is the core of humanity. subjecting oneself to a regimented rule-oriented lifestyle is totally against the whole concept of freedom. i reckon when a straight edge hardcore/punk band sing out against indiscriminate sex and drug use, it is more about rebelling against the conventions of rock n roll than the actual things (sex and drug) themselves which represents the punk rebellion thing as a whole thing going against the grain of 'normal' rock n roll thing

talking with the taxman about poetry

one boring morning i was walking lazily from my stuffy office after finishing my 9-hour night shift. the streets were still empty and free from those 9-5ers' metal coffins but the pink monsters have been roaming here and there and were giving my frail eardrums a vicious assault. well, give them a fucking break, they'll be gone in a few months' time and i'm going to miss the 60-cent-anywhere ride. i was feeling tired and sleepy. suddenly i saw this familiar-looking face in office attire walking towards me swinging his corporate briefcase. he was an a-level student at my school 9 years ago. i was not that close to this guy but his weird name stuck on my mind till now. actually i got this bad habit of avoiding old friends or ex-schoolmates who are not so close to me everytime i meet them around town. unfortunately i could not hide this time. oh God...please, i don't want to answer those boring questions...what are you doing now? where do you work? when will you get married? why are you still in jeans and t-shirts? bla,bla,bla,bla!!! our eyes met and i mentioned his 'weird' name. maybe it was my mistake to say hi to him and i should have ignored him. anyway, he could not remember mine! maybe my name is not as weird as his. no big deal, he's not that important to me. we shook hands but i didn't release his palm until he could remember my name. to make him feel less guilty, i told him my name. as expected, he asked those typical stuff...the "usual" questions. i answered when necessary. he told me about himself though i didn't ask. later we found out that we worked in the same building. yeah, so what! unexpectedly, he picked out his wallet, took out his business card and passed it to me while asking for mine in return. i said shamelessly that i don't have a business card. you know what happened next? ...no shit, he started to put me down and treated me like some stupid idiot dickhead loser, in other words, he started to incriminate me, dumping his judgement on my face...just because i don't have a business card! fucking prejudice!!! "you don't have a business card? you were a bad student, you didn't study, you didn't obey your teachers...you this, you that, bla...bla...bla". i didn't say anything to defend myself and i don't think i need to reply to this stupid narrow-minded fuckhead. anyway, i just smiled! i believe this so-called "successful" person will not be happy until i believe in what he says. i went home and took a look at his business card. oh, he's only a bank officer, no wonder he's so shallow. i threw the card away and wished for a colorful dream in my day slumber. c'est la vie...

ruangan celupar

baru-baru ni aku ada berborak dengan satu brader yang dikira dari golongan ~~kolar~~ biru. beliau menceritakan ketidakpuasan hatinya pasal tuntutan kenaikan gaji pekerja sektor rendah di mana pihak tertentu tak bersetuju dengan tuntutan 25% ke 40% untuk pekerja kolar biru dan kurang sedikit untuk pegawai ke atas (orang kolar putih). depa suruh sama-sama naik 10%. aku quote seorang pemimpin was-was 2020, "kita naik sama-sama la...bukan orang bawah aja buat kerja... orang ataih pun buat kerja juga..." aku pun congaklah, kalau gaji pegawai \$2000, naik 10%, jadi naik \$200 walhal kalau gaji kuli \$300 naik 40%, baru naik \$120. kalau naik 10% aja lagi bodo \$30...sedangkan gaji pegawai dah besar nak besar lagi? HALOBA?

working-class-third-world-country punk bitching.....

dedicated to the 'obedient' working
class dogs out there...we are too

celebration of life

ABOUT MOVING PICTURES & ALL THE EXCELLENT FRENCHMOVIES

I SAW pump up the volume RECENTLY, BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS ONE FOR SOMETHING LIKE 4 OR 5 YEARS. EXCELLENT WATCH ESPECIALLY THE PART WHERE THE MAIN MAN, CHRISTIAN SLATER ON ONE OF HIS FINEST ROLE, PLAYING A PIRATE DJ IMITATED THE SOUND OF MASTURBATION ON THE AIR BY SORT OF CLAPPING HIS PALMS TOGETHER. THIS IS DARK COMEDY, PUNK ROCK AND ANARCHY ALL IN ONE. PUNK AS FUCK! ONE OF THE DESCENDENTS' SONG APPEARED ON THE SOUND TRAX. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HEARD THE PIXIES' WAVE OF MUTILATION, ALSO ON THE SOUND TRAX, BEAUTIFULLY PLACEDTHERE ARE PUNK MOVIES AND MOVIES ABOUT PUNKS SUCH AS suburbia, rude boy, the blackboard jungle and jubilee. PUNK MOVIES...liquid sky, smithereens, repo man AND JIM JARMUSCH'S stranger than paradise. ALSO PUNK ROCKUMENTARIES SUCH AS d.o.a., decline of western civilisation AND another state of mind WHICH CHRONICLED THE TOUR OF youth brigade WITH THE TAG-ALONG TODDLERS(AT THAT TIME), social distortion...SO MANY MORE NOT MENTIONED, GO DISCOVER...

I'M SURE MANY OF US HAVE SEEN leon the professional, ONE HELL OF AN EXCELLENT FRENCH MOVIE BY ONE MR. LUC BESSON. HIS PREVIOUS SHIT SUBWAY, STARRED CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT OF highlander AND tarzan fame AND JEAN-HUGUES ANGLANDE AS A ROLLERSKATING PUNK.....

LAST SEEN ON SCREEN AS THE MANIACAL BANK ROBBER WITH AIDS HITTING A PARIS BANK WHICH STAYS TRUE TO THE CAPITALIST SPIRIT BY STAYING OPEN ON BASTILLE DAY, IN THE MOVIE killing zoe. le femme nikita IS ANOTHER LUC BESSON EXCELLENT STUFF WHICH HAD A POOR AMERICAN VERSION OF IT CALLED the assassin, STARRING BRIDGET FONDA. FOR A GOOD VISUAL RUSH, SEE THE ORIGINAL. I GOT THE CHANCE TO ENJOY SOME SERIOUS VISUAL STIMULATION WITH LA HAINE(hate) AND FRERES(brothers). BOTH CHRONICLE THE LIVES OF ARAB AND AFRICAN IMMIGRANTS IN A PARIS GHETTO. la haine IS TOUTED AS boys in the hood PARIS VERSION. FRERES IS PRETTY MUCH IN THE SAME LINE ABOUT SECOND GENERATION ALGERIAN(OR IS IT MORROCAN?) SIBLINGS GETTING MESSED ABOUT BY THE FIRST-WORLD SOCIAL ILLS. THE BEAUTY OF THE GIRL WHO PLAYS THE SISTER STUCK IN MY MIND FOR A LONG TIME...I READ ABOUT LA HAINE SOMEWHERE THAT JACQUES CHIRAC REQUIRES HIS CABINET TO WATCH THIS MOVIES...OTHER STUFF WORTH

melancholic notes



Sometimes when
you are alone and all
by yourself,
you will learn
how to appreciate company
or corporation

and if you are being accompanied
and received lots of help.
You will wish for loneliness
and independence.

This is because you thought
that things are better
the other way around.

Things that you often get.

Can sometimes be too much.

When being in a group (society)
the individuality doesn't show a sign
and when you're alone,

solidarity never had a chance!

So which one is good and which is bad?

Well, both got their advantages and disadvantages.

One can develop oneself by going on these
situations. Being alone with no one around
makes you do things that's totally independent.

You'll hurt nobody and nobody will hurt you.

The result is yours. You have the full right
to feel the satisfaction or dissatisfaction.





Aku bertanya lagi,
"Habis, suicide note tu apa cerita?"

"Tu bukan suicide note. Tu dah lama aku tulis. Masa tulis tu aku tengah stone. Sapa dialah yang pandai-pandai letak kat mayat aku tu. Pelik lah dia orang ni. Macam-macam cara dia orang cuba manipulate aku. Terlalu mengagung-agungkan aku pun ada jugak. Aku ni apalah sangat. Seorang 'mat pet'. Aku ni main gitar pun tak le sedasyhat Yngwie Malmsteen. Aku cuma tulis lagu apa yang terlintas dalam kepala aku aje. Tak de formula tertentu. Rasa sedap je aku boh! Aku cuma nak jadi original. Tak de benda yang special di sebalik tu. Aku pun manusia macam kau jugak. Orang yang buat aku rock star tulah yang banyak menyusahkan hidup aku dan juga family aku dari aku hidup sampai le aku mati. Kapitalis-kapitalis tamak pulak cuma tau nak buat duit aje. Kematian aku pun boleh dijadikan sumber kewangan. Pelik aku tengok hamba-hamba duit ni. Buat apa saja untuk duit. Maruah dia orang memang murah. T-Shirt yang memaparkan muka aku dan kata-kata aku merata-rata orang pakai. Pakai T-Shirt Nirvana tuck-in, poket belakang ada cellular phone. Impressive! T-Shirt ni semua mahal pulak tu. Duit bukannya dapat kat aku atau family aku. Diaorang tibai! Jimi dengan Jimbo dok komplek benda-benda yg. sama. Sebab tulah lepas mati pun dia orang stone lagi. Tension! Tension!" Kurt Cobain mengakhiri kata-katanya.

Sampai part ni, aku nampak dia dah berubah sikit. Kurt Cobain nampak boring. Aku pun rasa dah tak sedap nak tanya lagi. Bukannya apa, aku takut nanti dia tembak kepala dia seround lagi.

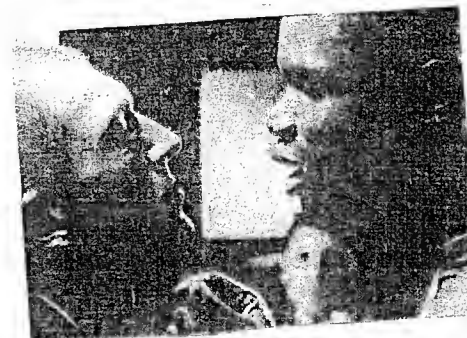
"Okaylah Kurt, terima kasih ajelah. Sorrylah kalau mengganggu. Nice talking to you man," Aku cuba mengakhiri perbualan aku dalam B. Inggeris.

Kurt Cobain diam dan tak menunjukkan sebarang reaksi.

Dunia aku gelap semula. Bila aku bukak mata, Tok Janggut dengan Talib dok bersila depan aku. Tok Janggut berpeluh sakan. Talib senyum bila melihat aku terpinga-pinga. Malam tu aku tidur rumah Talib sebab takut nak balik rumah lewat malam sorang-sorang...lepas tu, seminggu aku demam.

"Siapa yang cakap kita buat lawak bodoh, dialah yang bodoh."
Jaafar Onn

MENTIONING FROM LUK HAAS' COUNTRY ARE les patriotes, movie about mossad, bette blue, WHICH I SAW LIKE 10 YEARS AGO, wild target, a funny one about hitmen, US go home, travolta et moi (travolta and me), l'eau froide (cold water) AND le reine margot (queen margot) NOT FORGETTING THE NOTORIOUS CRAZY BOYS SERIES.....



10 ELEMEN YANG PENTING DAN SELALUNYA MESTI ADA DALAM FILEM - FILEM MELAYU MASA KINI

- 1) Airmata
- 2) Nama filem berdasarkan nama lagu slow rock melayu yang top.
- 3) Cinta yang tak direstui keluarga. Kalau direstui, adalah pulak masalah lain seperti terpaksa bersaing dengan samseng atau anak orang kaya yang minat kat awek tu jugak.
- 4) Samseng yang pakai topi 'Baretta' dan selalunya kalah bertumbuk sebab hero ada silat.
- 5) Polis yang baik dan sedia berkhidmat untuk masyarakat.
- 6) Jambang yang dilukis.
- 7) Motor chopper
- 8) Erra Fazira
- 9) Ziana Zain
- 10) Kalau filem tu laku, akan menyusul pulak Part 2.

homefucking is killing prostitution

empty your bladder

Terlebih dahulu aku minta maaf kalau ada pembaca-pembaca zine ni akan bored to death dengan artikel yang aku tulis ni. Ini adalah kerana topik yang aku tulis ni adalah berkenaan dengan censorship yang dikenakan terhadap TV dan radio baru-baru ni.

Aku pun tak tahulah kalau ada pembaca-pembaca yang tentunya mat-mat underground samada mereka berminat atau tidak menonton TV tapi bagi aku TV juga menjadi satu elemen hiburan selain mendengar lagu, membaca, menonton wayang dsb. Mungkin bagi mereka yang loaded, mereka boleh cari alternatif lain tapi bagi orang macam aku yang kategori 'lower and middle class' apa lagi yang boleh dibuat untuk menghiburkan hati sebab sekarang ni you got to have a lot of money to be entertained.

Aku rasa kerajaan sekarang ada saja isu yang dimainkan untuk menyekat kebebasan rakyat. Isunya pula semuanya yang remeh. Rambut panjanglah, konsert liarlah, dan yang terkini dan sensasi berkenaan violence, sex and horror. Ooooo...I am scared! Nampaknya merekalah yang menentukan apa yang boleh dibaca, apa yang boleh dilihat, apa yang boleh dicakap. Kita disekat daripada menggunakan judgement kita sendiri.

Who do they think they are? And what are we? A herd of cows with no brains to think for our own? SHIT! Aku cukup benci apabila mereka bercakap dengan megah apa yang mereka buat adalah untuk menjaga moral rakyat, nak jaga tradisi orang timur, nak menjaga kehormatan agamalah, pada hal aku rasa yang mula-mula sekali tak de moral, hidup style barat dia orang ni lah. Hipokrit belaka dia orang ni sebab kalau bab betina, rasuah, menindas orang-orang susah, dia oranglah nombor satu.

Aku pun naik hairan dengan sikap dia orang ni. Sikit-sikit nak haram, cakap pasal vision, nak jadikan Malaysia negara industri maju, terima teknologi tinggi tapi kena hal yang kecil pun mereka tak boleh terima. Nak maju macamana? Pusing ke belakang adalah! Aku rasa orang Malaysia mana-mana yang kreatif tu nak salur kreativiti dia orang pun payah. Lebih-lebih lagi yang 'avant-garde' sikit. Ada saja sekatan. Nak dengar lagu underground Malaysia kat radio pun sakit. Itu belum lagi Napalm Death ke, John Zorn ke...filem-filem yang best macam PULP FICTION, NATURAL BORN KILLERS, INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE nak main kat wayang pun tak boleh. Nak tunggu main kat TV aku rasa berkulatlah...sampai tahun 2020 dulu aku agak.

Mungkin pada fikiran mereka yang berkuasa ni, rakyat Malaysia akan jadi ganas apabila menonton filem-filem yang ada unsur-unsur violence, horror dan sex ni. Apa dia orang ingat senang ke nak bunuh orang, nak rogol anak dara, nak hisap darah macam Dracula. Takan kita tak boleh fikir. Aku rasa Mona Pandey trio nak bunuh orang pun dia orang tak tengok TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Kalau tak percaya, tanyalah dia orang. Aku rasa kalau dia orang tengok pun mungkin cerita P. Ramlee ataupun drama swasta yang mendayu-dayu tu. Sebenarnya semua datang dari kita.

Kalau kita boleh berfikir dengan rasional, tiada apa-apa yang perlu dibimbangkan sebab violence, sex tu sudah menjadi lumrah hidup kita. Unsur-unsur ini berada di sekeliling kita selagi kita bernafas dan kita tak dapat lari daripadanya. Jadi mengapa kita cuba untuk meniadakan realiti?

Mungkin ada pembaca yang don't give a damn about all this thing tapi walaupun begitu aku rasa censorship ni memang melibatkan kita sedikit sebanyak. Mungkin hari ini dia orang haramkan elemen-elemen ni tapi mana tahu akan datang dia orang berasa nak haramkan gig underground, muzik yang bukan dari mainstream, fanzines dan macam-macam lagi. Siapa tahu apabila dah terlalu berkuasa dan semua mereka buat tak de bantahan, mereka mungkin akan melaksanakannya. Jadi bukalah mata dan telinga tu. BYE!

NOSFERATU

nak kencing, nak menjerit...macam-macam rasa ada. Tapi aku buat cool aje. Kalau aku buat beriya-iyanya nanti, dia terasa dia best pulak. Tapi dia memang best pun. Kurt Cobain tak cakap apa-apa tapi aku rasa dia perasaan aku ada kat depan dia. Dengan berbekalkan B. Inggris P7 dalam SPM, aku mulakan perbualan...

"Hello, you Kurt Cobain? How are you? My name is Deris. Can I interview you?" kata-kata pertama aku tergagap-gagap macam enjin bot Tanjung Lumpur.

"Ceh! Dari aku hidup sampai aku mati, tak habis-habis interview. Boring!" terpancut kata-kata pendahuluan dari Kurt Cobain. Terkejut kerbau aku sebab dalam bahasa ibunda. Aku jadi semakin confident.

"Aaaaiikk?...boleh cakap melayu?"

"Ni bukan dunia luar Deris woi. Ni dah kira dunia lain. Engko nampak dan dengar aku aje tapi engko tak boleh pegang aku. Dimensi kita lain."

"Aku ni dari Malaysia. Aku memang minat kau. Kau tak marahkan kalau aku tanya kau sikit. Kira macam interviu la ni. Dulu masa kau turun Singapura, aku tak de can nak pergi sebab tak sempat buat passport.

Lagipun kau tak berkonsert kat sana." aku dah tak gagap lagi dah.

"Tanyalah mana nak tanya. Mana yang aku larat nak jawab aku jawab," suaranya agak boring.

"Engko pernah datang Malaysia?"

"Masa aku hidup dulu tak pernah tapi lepas aku mati selalu jugak aku singgah sebab sekarang ni nak gerak mana-mana senang. Terbang aje dah sampai. Aku datang sini pun bukannya apa...sebab terdengar ada band-band yang main lagu-lagu Nirvana sebijik macam aku main. Dressing macam aku, style macam aku. Pandailah diaorang meniru. Dapat sambutan pulak tu. Mula-mula aku ingat konsert tu kira macam tribute kat aku tapi lepas 2-3 show aku pergi dok macam tu jugak, fahamalah aku. Dia orang ni langsung tak de etika. Main redah aje. Mesin fotostat hidup. Kenapa la nak jadi macam aku. Kenapa tak nak jadi diri sendiri? Nasib baik jugak aku mati awal. Yang aku terkilan tu, band-band yang dok main lagu-lagu Nirvana ni dapat sambutan pulak tu. Aku rasa yang dok atas stage tu tak de beza dengan yang pogo macam nak gila kat bawah. Bingai! Satu lagi aku pelik, bila band-band yang main lagu-lagu dan cuba untuk mencari sound sendiri beraksi atas stage, kat bawah lengang. Adalah 2-3 orang yang pogo. Yang terlopong macam kena karan. Apa ni? Tak paham aku. Tak pe le, aku pun malas nak faham sebab kalau faham pun tak balik modal, aku dah mati. Yang nyata message yang aku dok sampaikan masa aku hidup dulu sia-sia aje. Satu lagi yang kelakur aku tengok, lepas album unplugged aku keluar, Search buat unplugged, Awie buat unplugged, Ziana Zain pun buat unplugged. Dulu tak de pun."

Terlopong aku mendengar...dicampur dengan rasa was-was aku dan rasa tak percaya bahawa aku sedang bercakap dengan Kurt Cobain. Berbanding dengan tadi, aku semakin selesa sekarang. Aku ajukan soalan seterusnya.

"Macamana engko boleh tembak kepala engko sendiri? Maksud aku, macam mana engko boleh tergamak buat benda-benda macam tu?"

"Ooohh...Panjang jugak ceritanya ni. Tapi aku tak taulah orang boleh percaya ke idak cerita aku ni. Satu petang yang boring, aku dah puas main gitar. Nak bersektubuh, bini aku dok sibuk tour. Aku pun ambil shotgun dan dok belek-belek sebab aku nak tengok macamana benda tu berfungsi. Aku pulak time tu baru lepas kena 2 jarum. Kepala tengah mantul. Tengah aku dok belek-belek tu aku terasa macam aku tak de kepala aje. Sebelum tu aku ada juga terdengar bunyi letupan. Lepas tu kan, aku tak nampak apa-apa. Gelap gila babil! Entah macamana aku pun bukak mata, aku berada kat satu tempat yang pelik dan aku tak pernah sampai. Aku toleh kiri, aikkkk? Jim Morrison tengah ber'bonewater'. Sebelah kanan aku, Jimi Hendrix tengah muntah. Overdose! Daripada hidup sampai mati, stoooooonne aje. Jimbo sound kat aku, welcome to the club. Barulah aku tahu aku dah tak wujud lagi kat dunia nyata. Aku dah 'jalan'. Terduduk jugak aku memikirkan hakikat tu. Tapi apa nak buat, nak rewind pun tak boleh dah. Jimi suruh aku bertenang. Aku tanya dia, Sid Vicious mana? Jimi cakap Sid mati seround lagi sebab overdose, tension scab Sex Pistols reform. Part yang bestnya aku dapat jam dengan Jimi... Jimbo dok nyanyi dengan sajaknya. Steve Clark Def Leppard nak join jugak tapi kena halau sebab dia Mat Rock! Jimi ajar aku banyak buah-buah pelik. Best jugak. Tak le boring sangat. Bukannya apa-apa self-satisfaction. Nak berkonsert, aku ni dah mati."

ADVENTURES OF A PSEUDO-PUNK

Engkorang percaya kat bomoh tak?...benda-benda yang berbau mistik ni? Nak percaya lebih-lebih sangat tak boleh juga tapi tak percaya langsung pun tak kena jugak sebab ada juga part-part yang betul. Terpulanglah pada individu. Kat kampung aku memang ada sorang bomoh yang boleh dikatakan famous dan terror lebih-lebih lagi dalam bab-bab alam ghaib. Aku ni tak delah berminat sangat, maklumlah...generasi 90an dan mendapat pendidikan sekular pulak tu. Tapi aku ada member dengan cucu seorang tok bomoh yang dikenali sebagai Tok Janggut. Talib sekelas dengan aku dari sekolah rendah sampai tingkatan 3. Lepas tu, dia tak sekelas lagi dengan aku sebab tak pass SRP. Talib menumpukan kariernya sebagai pembantu atuknya sebab dia malas nak ambil SRP lagi.

Satu petang, aku dengan Talib dok lepak-lepak kat balairaya sambil menjamu mata menengok anak-anak dara kampung balik dari kerja di kilang kat pekan berdekatan. Aku tak lah berminat sangat nak mengurut dia orang ni tapi inilah aktiviti yang aku rasa paling mencabar kat kampung aku di waktu petang begini setelah penat bekerja seharian di kilang papan kat pekan nu. Yang penting, walkman mesti lekat kat telinga. Taklah boring sangat. Petang tu, aku dok dengar Nirvana Unplugged. Habis side A Talib tanya aku...

"...lagu apa tu?"

"Nirvana...unplugged."

"Ooo...yang mati bunuh diri tu ke?" tanya Talib lagi sambil menarik seluar dalamnya yang tersalah parking kat celah buntut.

"Getakat yang aku tahu macam tulah..." aku jawab selamba sambil mengeluarkan asap rokok ikut hidung macam naga tasik Chini.

"Kau minat sangat ke dengan Kurt Cobain ni?" Talib terus bertanya sambil menyeluk saku baju aku dan mengambil rokok tanpa meminta kebenaran terlebih dulu.

"...minatlah jugak...apa hal?" aku membalas dengan boring.

"Engkau nak jumpa dia tak?" Talib mengajukan lagi soalan.

"Diakan dah mati. Jangan nak buat joke khinzir lah..."

"Aku malas nak cakap lebih-lebih. Tapi kalau kau rasa kau nak jumpa Kurt Cobain, malam ni datang rumah aku. Aku bawa kau jumpa atuk aku. Okay... aku chow dulu. Jangan lupa bawa gambar dia sekali" dengan confident Talib terus beredar dan meninggalkan aku kebingungan.

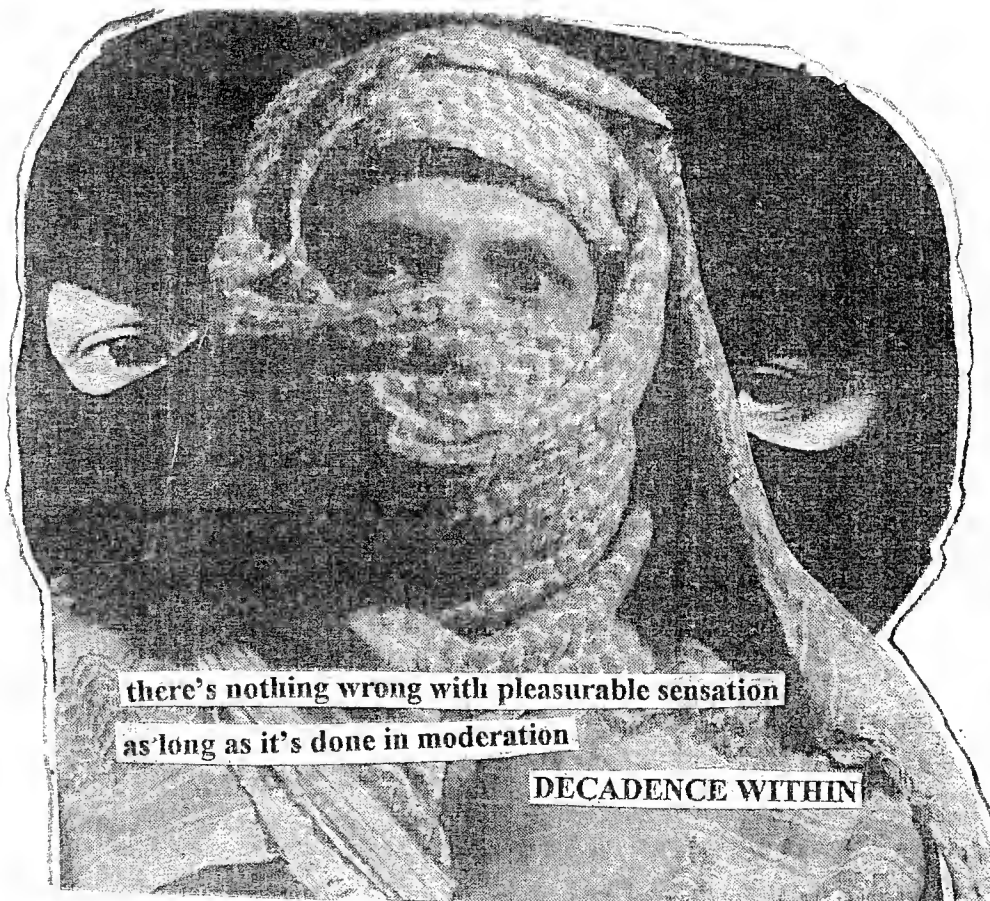
Malam tu lepas isyak, terduduk aku kat atas katil memikirkan kata-kata Talib yang tak masuk dek akal tu. Di atas meja, terhampar majalah Rolling Stone yang bermuka depankan Kurt Cobain. Aku serba salah. Boleh percaya ke si Talib ni? Entah macamana, kain pelekat berganti seluar jeans. Aku mengambil majalah Rolling Stone dan lampu picit. Tanpa berfikir lagi, aku meredah malam. "Bukannya rugi kalau aku try." hati aku berdetik.

Sampai kat rumah Talib, aku beri salam. Talib memang menunggu kedatangan aku. Suasana kat rumah tu macam biasa aje. Tok Janggut tenggelam kat sofa dok tengok Pop Kuiz. Dahinya berkerut.

"...aku tau kau mesti datang punya." Talib menyapa aku sambil mengambil majalah Rolling Stone kat tangan aku. Seperti biasa, tanpa kebenaran. "Betul ke ni Talib? Kau jangan nak pekenakan aku,"

"Aku tak berani nak janji apa-apa. Kita try le dulu nengok macamana. Aku dah bagitau atuk aku. Dia tak jawab apa-apa tapi dia senyum jee. Apa-apa hal, kita kena kopi dulu."

Lebih kurang jam 10:00 malam, Tok Janggut bersiap-sedia dengan perkakas jampinya dan dia suruh aku duduk bersila kat depannya. Kulit depan majalah Rolling Stone terpaksa dikoyakkan sebab nak direndam dalam air. Tok Janggut ikat mata aku dengan kain kuning. Jampi serapah dibaca. Bau kemenyan menyelilap ke dalam sinus aku. Lepas tu aku rasa macam berpusing-pusing. Rasa loya pun ada gak. Pengikat mata dibuka. Bila aku buka aje mata aku, aku nampak Kurt Cobain kat depan aku tengah dok tune gitar. Macam-macam aku rasa. Takut, saspem, tak percaya, nak berak, nak lari



there's nothing wrong with pleasurable sensation

as long as it's done in moderation

DECADENCE WITHIN

(satu kajian yang agak terperinci telah dibuat di mana 85% dari penjenayah-penjenayah berat di Malaysia telah dipengaruhi secara langsung dan tidak langsung dengan cerita The Ultraman Ace, 10% dengan cerita Doraemon dan 5% lagi dengan iklan pesticide - Ed)

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO BAD RELIGION?

BAD RELIGION'S LATEST ALBUM, gray race PROVED BEYOND ANY REASONABLE DOUBT THAT ANY PUNK BAND SIGNED TO A MAJOR LABEL WILL GRADUALLY LOSE ITS PUNK SOUL AND EVENTUALLY LEAD TO A COMPLETE SELL OUT POSITION. MY FAITH WAS TEMPORARILY RESTORED WITH stranger than fiction WHICH CAN BE EXPLAINED BY ANOTHER PERSONAL THEORY THAT stranger than fiction WAS RECORDED (OR ANY PROCESS IN THE MAKING OF THE AFOREMENTIONED ALBUM) WAY BEFORE THEY SIGNED TO ATLANTIC. gray race IS A DISASTER TESTIMONY TO THE PUNK COMMUNITY, IN OTHER WORDS, A PUNK CASUALTY. IT SUCKS. gray race IS A LAME RELEASE, EVEN WORSE THAN recipe for hate. BEFORE THIS RELEASE, THEY ISSUED A COMPILATION WHICH CAN BE CONSIDERED REDUNDANT IN THE PUNK DICTIONARY. ANYBODY COULD JUST DUB IT FROM SOME DIE-HARD FAN'S COLLECTION (LIKE ME). WHERE'S THE ANGER, THE ENERGY OF PUNK FOUND IN EARLIER RELEASES? PROGRESSION? PUNK IS DEAD IN BAD RELIGION THE MINUTE THEY SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE..... FAITH IS LOST.

WHY AM I PICKING ON BAD RELIGION? SIMPLE ANSWER, I LOVED THIS BAND AND THAT MAKES IT PERSONAL, A PERSONAL CRUSADE...

DON'T CRITICIZE WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND

KATAK-KATAK

pada suatu hari di musim panas berkatalah seekor katak jantan kepada pasangannya, "aku takut manusia yang tinggal di rumah tepi pantai sana terganggu oleh nyanyian malam kita." pasangannya menjawab, "well, tidakkah mereka juga mengganggu ketenangan kita di siang hari dengan perbualan mereka?" katak jantan berkata, "jangan lupa kita mungkin bernyanyi terlalu banyak di malam hari," pasangannya menjawab, "jangan kita lupa yang mereka berleter dan berteriak dengan riuh di siang hari," kata katak jantan lagi, "bagaimana dengan katak bentong yang mengganggu seluruh kampung dengan bunyi boomingnya?" pasangannya menjawab, "ya, bagaimana tentang ahli politik dan ulamak dan saintis yang datang ke mari dan memenuhi ruang udara dengan bunyi bising dan tidak berirama?" lalu katak jantan menjawab, "well, marilah kita jadikan diri kita makhluk yang lebih baik dari manusia-manusia ini, mari kita berdiam diri di malam hari dan bernyanyi di dalam hati walaupun bulan memanggil kita untuk berirama dan bintang-bintang menyeru kita untuk berlagu, paling koman kita diam untuk semalam dua, paling tidak tiga malam." dan pasangannya menjawab, "baiklah, aku setuju, kita tengok apa akibatnya dari kemuliaan hati kamu itu," malam itu katak-katak itu berdiam diri dan juga malam berikutnya dan juga malam ketiga. aneh untuk diperkatakan, perempuan bermulut pantat ayam yang tinggal di rumah tepi tasik berteriak kepada suaminya di meja sarapan pada hari yang ketiga itu, "aku sudah tidak tidur selama tiga malam ini. aku tidur dengan nyenyaknya bila ada bunyi katak-katak itu bermain di telinga. mungkin sesuatu telah berlaku. mereka sudah tidak bernyanyi selama tiga malam. aku dah hampir gila dengan insomnia." katak jantan terdengar perbualan ini dan berpaling kepada pasangannya sambil mengenyitkan mata, "dan kita hampir gila dengan kesenyapan kita, tidak begitu?" lantas pasangannya menjawab, "yes, ketenteraman malam amat berat buat kita dan aku ketahui sekarang bahawa tidak perlu kita memberhentikan nyanyian kita untuk kesenangan mereka yang mesti memenuhi kekosongan mereka dengan kebisingan." maka pada malam itu bulan tidak frust memanggil mereka untuk bernyanyi dan bintang-bintang pun tidak kecewa juga untuk mendengar irama mereka.

...translated from 'The Wanderer', KAHILIL GIBRAN

is this the question of nature or nurture?

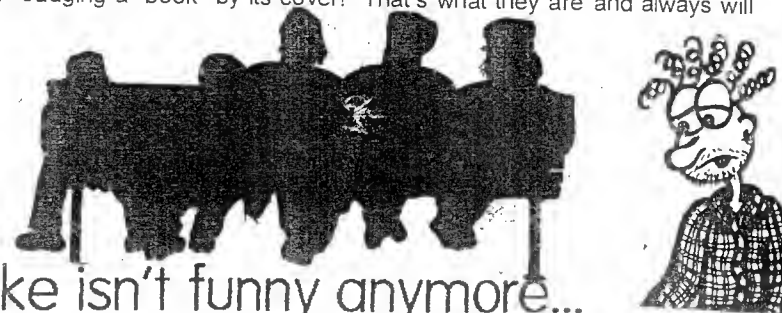
"Among the causes of our suffering is the fact that we base our life on traditions which we no longer understand, which we preserve only because they have been handed down to us..."

Qasim Amin (1863-1908)

SCENT OF UNDENIABLE LOSERS(SOUL)

How many times have you notice that a fine girl/woman give you a big sunshine smile? Is it less than 5 times a year? For me, once a year will be good enough, butare they really smiling at you?...or, are they smiling at the person behind/beside you? If they really smiled at you...is it because you are cute and look really adorable to them? You know ...all these cute faces that can make girls melt when they see them. But I hope you know better. I'm not this cute looking species. So if these girls happened to smile at me, there got to be something wrong. Maybe my pants are unzipped! Many people told me that I'm wearing a pair of oversized shoes. Yeah! that's one good reason they smiled at me. Maybe it is because of my hair-do or hair-don't, or maybe because I'm so skinny that if the wind blow so damn hard, I could fly like a piece of cloth! That's what they(those huge/ tough people) told me. You really damn know who you fuckin' are! You're just nothing, a biiiigggg nothing! There's nothing in you that can impress those girls to love or like you or even smile at you. They don't want to know you, you're hoping that they will smile at you but they won't. It hurts when you realise who you really are. You expect things to go your way but they don't! Girls just can't bear to walk with guys like you. You are not worthy for them. They look for a car-driving boyfriend instead of a pedestrian kind. You can't fulfil their needs. This is because their needs are too extreme. They want all that you don't want coz you also failed to fill in the blanks of your needs. Good looking, in possession of branded clothing, wealthy(especially!) and very popular. This are their main goal! You may be good looking...but ...argh! Forget it. It won't take you nowhere because of your appearance. You just can't convince nobody. Nobody is going to listen to what you're going to say, know what you're going to do, understand your feelings or read what you have wrote. People only can see you on the outside (surface). Judging a book by its cover! That's what they are and always will be.

ASK



the joke isn't funny anymore...

Pada suatu hari, kelihatan seorang kanak-kanak berumur 6 tahun sedang memanjat pohon rambutan di depan rumahnya. Untuk memudahkan proses memanjat, kanak-kanak tersebut telah mengenakan seluar pendek. Nak dijadikan cerita, lalu seorang tok sami. Sambil berjalan, berpalinglah tok sami ni ke atas. Kemudian beliau menyuruh kanak-kanak tersebut turun dan memberikan kanak-kanak tersebut RM1.

"Go and get yourself an underwear..."

Gembira bercampur malu, berlariilah kanak-kanak tersebut mendapatkan ibunya lalu menceritakan apa yang berlaku. Keesokkan harinya, dengan harapan mendapat RM1, siibu pula memanjat pokok rambutan dengan mengenakan kain batik. Berjalanlah tok sami di bawah pepohon rambutan lalu berpaling beliau ke atas. Beliau menyuruh siibu turun dan memberikan dia RM0.20.

"Go and get yourself a razor blade..."

manic depression mood swings

Hope! Yes, every one of us is hoping for something in their life. Some of us might hope to be rich, have a beautiful wife with swaying boobs, some of us also might hope to be a punk star, rock star, film star, big star, north star and that kinda shit. But me, I still don't know what I'm looking and hoping for. It's kinda blur to me right now. With my age that can be considered going through the stargate, what more can I expect? I still live the same monotonous life. Nothing extraordinary.

So what are you hoping for? Proper job maybe, jobs that can make you feel secure about your future. Job that can make your parents proud of. But can you achieve it? Seems not likely! It looks hopeless and the chances are so slim.

What about marriage? MARRIAGE? With whom? LARA FLYNN BOYLE? DANA DELANEY? SOFIA JANE? What have you got to offer them? Just your tiny little heart and your circumsised pe...! You know what!? The girls these days, they are also hoping for something. They hope to get guys who are handsome, maybe like SAMUEL L. JACKSON or even as handsome as ELVIS (before this scumbag got drunken and fat). They're also hoping that we guys can provide them with big houses, big cars...maybe fancy cars like BUFORI or BMW and lotsa money. Can you fulfill all these needs? I don't think so. Unless you are from a rich family.

Now about being rich? Don't you hope for that? How can I be rich with the kind of job that I have now. With the minimum wage, I even have to think 8-9 times before buying myself an underwear but I don't even think twice when it comes to buying a CD. What an asshole! Maybe I will be rich if I win the 2 million ringgit lottery.

So what else? Oh yes!...I hope that I can play guitar. Maybe not as great as COMBAT from THE PILGRIMS DC but it'll be fine if I can play guitar just like THURSTON MOORE. Just imagine, me playing guitar with my own punk band and get an article about it in THE SUN. How impressive!

By the way, the truth is I'm not gonna think that all these things will happen. Maybe you can say that I'm too lazy to go for it or maybe I'm just a stupid sad yob who is always whinning about my miserable life and just doin' nuthin' to change it. But that's the way it is and whether I like it or not I just have to accept the reality. REALITY BITES...ISN'T IT?



motivation...low pay

I am an operator in one of the leading paging companies in this country. My job is pretty simple but monotonous. All I got to do is stick my ass at the terminal, answer calls and transmit the messages or phone numbers through the P.C. I have to force myself to be patient especially when dealing with Chinese/Bangla callers who cannot speak B.M. or English(don't they have the grace to learn either one of the languages?). Expectedly, the job is low in pay and low in status. But status is not what I'm looking for in life but I do wish the pay could be higher. Anyway, this is the most comfortable job I ever had. I don't have to deal with a lot of 'corporate' bullshits. I don't have to wear 'proper' office attire. It's pretty much freedom in a way! After all, work is boring...isn't it? Of course there are numerous higher positions in the workplace but I don't give a damn. Come to work, do my part and fuck off! I try to avoid many things in the workplace because the more I deal with people, the more problems I'll face. I'm sure all the people up there, people in authority or the rulers take our existence(the working class) for granted. Maybe it's just 'normal' that if we don't have enough or proper qualification, we are there to serve them, to drive them wherever they wish, to wash their clothes, polish their shoes, serve their meals or post their letters. I am sure too many of us are not happy with their jobs or can't find any satisfaction in them but life's demands forced us to drag our feet to the workplace. Our working condition changes us! We start to become lame, moody and stressed out. We are not happy but we got no choice. It seems that we have no power to change for the betterment of life. But actually we do have the power, the raw power because we the working class are the majority! Do you notice any obvious differences in your office or workplace if your boss is away for a couple of days or weeks? Does it make any difference to our

country if the royal families are on holiday?(which they are most of the year!) What if the prime minister have gone for a few days? Do we notice anything if the members of parliament or senators are absent from duties? Do we need them or they really need us? Let's get to the flipside of the coin... Imagine what will happen if all of a sudden all of us stop working? Can you imagine the scenario that might transpire? If the toilet cleaner is away for a few days, do you still wanna take a major leak there?...better think twice! If the dustbins are not emptied for a few weeks, imagine the unbearable smell. If ambulance drivers don't step on the pedals to an accident scene, people are gone! If the bus drivers don't show up, how are we going to get to work? If the office cleaners don't work, the office will be inhabitable. If the pantry woman went fishing, coffee can't be served to the guests. Just think, isn't the power is in our hands? Our sweat lubricates their power, they depend on us. The works that we do may sound easy...empty the dustbins, mop the floor, drive the car but they are of the utmost importance! All of us are different but the majority is still part of one class. One important thing that we have in common is our sweat...the work we do! Our company makes millions of profit every year. What percentage of the profit that we get with the small amount they pay us? What do we have? Enough? Satisfied? Should we compete among ourselves in expanding wealth? Do we work to consume only? Should we fight among ourselves? Wake up working class, stop licking those capitalist ass! The power is in us...we should be treated better! "There's enough for our need, not for our greed", FLUX OF PINK INDIANS.



Life



Life Sentence

Work Sucks But I Need
the BUCK\$... Part 2

scream your lungs out!

I've always had trouble with money.
this one place I worked
everybody ate hot dogs
and potato chips
in the company cafeteria for
3 days before each
payday.
I wanted steaks,
I even went to see the manager
of the cafeteria and
demanded that he serve
steaks. he refused.

I'd forget payday.
I had a high rate of absenteeism and
payday would arrive and everybody would
start talking about
it.
"payday?" I'd say, "hell, is this
payday? I forgot to pick up my
last check..."

"stop the bullshit, man..."

"no, no, I mean it..."

I'd jump up and go down to payroll and sure enough there'd be a check and I'd come back and show it to them. "Jesus Christ, I forgot all about it."

for some reason they'd get angry. then the payroll clerk would come around. I'd have two checks. "Jesus," I'd say, "two checks." and they were angry. some of them were working two jobs.

the worst day
it was raining very hard,
I didn't have a raincoat so
I put on a very old coat I hadn't worn for
months and
I walked in a little late
while they were working.
I looked in the coat for some
cigarettes
and found a 5 dollar bill
in the side pocket:
"hey, look," I said, "I just found a 5 dollar
bill I didn't know I had, that's
funny."

"hey, man, knock off the
shit!"

"no,no, I'm serious, really, I remember wearing this coat when I got drunk at the bars. I've been rolled too often, I've got this fear...I take money out of my wallet and hide it all over me."

"sit down and get to work."

I reached into an inside pocket:
"hey,look,here's a TWENTY! God,here's a
TWENTY I never knew I
had! I'm
RICH!"

"you're not funny, son of
a bitch..."

"hey, my God, here's ANOTHER
twenty! too much, too too
much...I knew I didn't spend all that
money that night. I thought I'd been
rolled again..."


I kept searching the coat. "hey! here's a ten and here's a fiver! my God..."

"listen, I'm telling you to sit down
and shut up..."

"my God, I'm RICH...I don't even need this job..."

"man, sit down..."

I found another ten after I sat down
but I didn't say
anything.
I could feel waves of hatred and
I was confused,
they believed I had
plotted the whole thing
just to make them
feel bad. I didn't want
to. people who live on hot dogs and
potato chips for
3 days before payday
feel bad
enough.



I sat down
leaned forward and
began to go to
work.

outside
it continued to
rain.

taken from **love is a dog from hell** CHARLES BUKOWSKI

